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The Trail

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AWAY FROM THE MELTING POT

By C. L. GIBBS, M.L.A.

I have never believed in the melting pot idea. I have never believed that there is any national group wide enough or eclectic enough to absorb all the other nations. Much as I believe in internationalism as a co-ordinating factor and much as I look forward to the day when nations will co-operate as easily and naturally as individuals and families in the same community, I have no desire to see a flattening out of national personality or a dead uniformity of culture and behaviour.

There are many people who are obsessed by the alleged warning conveyed in the old story of the Tower of Babel. They will tell you that the plague of tongues that descended upon those old builders was a judgment upon their pride and insolent endeavour to scale the heavens—and then they clinch the moral by advocating a universal language, usually their own, as a means of appeasing and pleasing the deity.

That doesn't seem like logic to me. The moral I take from that delightful old legend is entirely different. I can picture the deity viewing with alarm the singleness of purpose and the antlike uniformity displayed in the ungrateful project of building away from the beautiful earth into the naked spaces between the spheres. I can picture him brooding over this crude forerunner of the American skyscraper and looking from its drab monotone over the myriad-tinted mosaic of dark forest and mottled plain stretching to the shimmering sea. "I gave these people color as a carpet and for a canopy the encarmined sky at even and the East like a dove's throat at dawn; and behold, they have fused their souls into a dull jelly of uniformity, as dreary as the caked mud of a dried-up slough. Now, therefore, I will scatter them for their souls' good and rain many tongues upon them so that the rainbow of diversity may color their lives and my nostrils shall be no longer of-

fended by the dead savor of their melting pots."

And in the sullen silence that fell upon these old builders slumbered the seed of the many faceted genius that was to glorify the olive groves of Attica with the marble musings of Greek art and the steep banks of northern torrents with a wilder and more passionate architecture. And in that descent of tongues was the power and the command to sing different songs and paint with many palettes and the joyous urge to dance to a hundred rhythms.

Just as you can never, without cruelty and oppression, standardize the individual, neither is it desirable that community or national groups should be standardized. The more loyal an intelligent person is to his own group or nation, the better will he understand and sympathize with other loyalties and other traditions. Intelligent love of country is bound to be an inspiring and idealizing force. It breaks down the barriers of individual selfishness and motivates the development of the co-operative instinct. I never attend a national gathering of any kind without experiencing the reality of social brotherhood and the unifying power of human sentiment.

There are certain forms of art expression that must work together for greater understanding and friendship between the peoples of the world. Music is one of them; dancing is another. The folk songs and dances of all countries have their sources in emotions and life experiences that are universal. The peculiarities of harmony or rhythm that differentiate the songs of one country from another are entirely subordinate to the greater kinship that all lovers of music must feel when they listen to national expressions of a great common art.

I may not understand the Scotch enthusiasm for the bagpipes, but when I sit in a gathering of Scotch people and

watch the expanding pride of the pipers and the wrapt fervor of the listening crowd, I know that there is more involved than mere sound—that pictures and stories and the scent of remembered hill-sides and the blue smoke of unforgotten valleys are gathering in the sacred fires of very old altars and the incense of very ancient prayers.

There is a poetry in people that their outward demeanour would never suggest; and it peeps out more in national gatherings than anywhere. Have you ever been at a Highland Gathering? Have you ever

listened to the Welsh people singing the songs of Cwmry together or seen the Irish dance? Have you ever been at a band concert in a German park or heard French soldiers sing the Marseillaise on the march—or the haunting religious sadness of Ukrainian songs? If you have you will understand the spiritual essence of all simple and spontaneous art and the common brotherhood in joy and sorrow, in pride and memory that we all share together; you will understand also why I dislike the melting pot and its stifling fumes.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUSES AND THE HIPPOPOTAMI

The learned have their fusses,
On whether it should be
The hippopotamus-es
Or the hippopotami.

The hippopotami
Are punctual at tea;
They sit before the fire,
And solemnly aspire
To mount the pinnacles
Of all the neighboring hills.

The hippopotamuses
Go in for hugs and busses;
Lie late in bed, and then
Roll out to eat again,
Where in their native slime
They "have a lovely time."

The air is blue with "cusses"
And reeks of toast and tea;
But I prefer the 'musses,
And some folks side with "mi".

H. GEDDES

FOREST LAWN

BY F. ALBERT RUDD, '23, '25.

To those who have not visited Glendale, California, the words "Forest Lawn" mean nothing; to those who have included this beautiful suburb of Los Angeles in their itinerary it means much indeed, for they will undoubtedly have seen Forest Lawn; to those who are able to use Forest Lawn it means everything. Forest Lawn Memorial Park is even more than its full title implies. It is at the same time a beautiful memorial to a nation's dead and an enduring tribute to that nation's living.

Fourteen years ago Glendale Cemetery was fifty-five acres in extent, with a scant dozen acres in use, and marked in the usual way with burial mounds and headstones. Today in the Glendale hills of the San Fernando Valley the old cemetery has developed into a national institution in scientific burial, one of the beauty spots and art centres of the United States of America, and a place of pilgrimage annually for people from all over the world. To the vision of one man, whose name remains in obscurity, is ascribed this transformation from the old to the new, from the ancient to the modern, from the old-fashioned little cemetery with all its attributes of desolation and neglect, to the Forest Lawn Memorial Park of today, two hundred acres in area, with its unique Mausoleum Columbarium, the delightful Little Church of the Flowers—a replica of the little Church of Stoke Poges in England, immortalized in Gray's "Elegy," the Wee Kirk o' the Heather—Annie Laurie's little Glencairn Church in Dumfriesshire brought to life in America, the remarkable collection of Italian sculpture reproductions, and with its peaceful acres redolent with life and beauty. State laws which prohibit the acquisition of this property for urban development, as well as the naturally hilly topography, assure to this hallowed spot complete quietness and seclusion.

The central theme of Forest Lawn is Life. How different from the thought

always associated with the usual "cemetery"—Death. In Forest Lawn Life is everywhere—pure white doves, graceful white swans and white ducks around fountains of sparkling water, collections of trees which never shed a leaf, masses of grassy lawn ever green in California's sunshine. Death is not an end; it is but an experience—a passing from mortal life to eternal life, but still life. The glories of Heaven in man's humble way are suggested here on earth. The beloved Dead lie in surroundings of Beauty, Art, and Life, whether in the sealed vaults of the massive Mausoleum, in the burial urns containing the ashes of the departed, or in the beautifully kept graves on the hillside. There is no break between this world and the next, only a wonderful experience, only a glorious change of Life.

A complete description of Forest Lawn is impossible in a few words—and words cannot convey its deeper meaning and beauty—one has to see it. A few remarks, however, may serve to suggest the picture and the theme.

At the entrance to the spacious grounds is a three hundred year old sycamore tree, an ancient landmark in the valley. It is scarred with ancient survey marks, but is now preserved here, and resting at its base is a copy of the poem "Good Timber" ascribed to its honour. The grounds surrounding the Administration Building, the Little Church of the Flowers, and the Mausoleum present a carpet of green dotted at intervals with beautiful flowers and white marble statuary. At many points among the trees and flowers the open Bible in pure white marble displays its texts to the passerby. Towards the higher ground one finds beautiful life-size statuary—"The Finding of Moses" fountain; the temple of "Santa Sabina"; "The Christ" in The Christus Garden of the Wee Kirk o' the Heather; the bronze group, "Protection"; private memorials, such as "Devotion" and "La Carita," and finally, "The Mystery of Life," probably

the most remarkable in all Forest Lawn. As one returns from the higher ground towards the entrance of the park again the captivating statue of "The Duck Baby" draws one to the spouting fountain and miniature lake where white swans and ducks portray the spirit of Forest Lawn—happy, peaceful life.

In this entrancing setting are several buildings of beauty and interest. The Administration Building, housing the administrative offices, is an example of Tudor architecture inspired by the manor-house of Compton Wynyates, seat of the Earl of Northampton, in Warwickshire, in the reign of Henry VIII. In the building are many antiques including a reputed authentic copy of the massive Chequers Table at Chequers Court, Tudor chairs, and other Tudor furniture, sixteenth century armour, and seventeenth century swords—one of which is reputed to have been worn by Charles II. From this building one passes to The Little Church of the Flowers, designed after the famous Stoke Poges Church in Buckinghamshire, the scene of the immortal "Elegy" of Thomas Gray. On each side of the nave are five arches in which hang drooping ferns behind which are banks of growing flowers and greenery. Singing canaries add their note of happiness. Here funerals, christenings, and weddings are solemnized in a non-sectarian Church in which the only theology is Love. It is but a step from here to the massive Mausoleum Columbarium, a building remarkable for its scientific structure, its architecture, its beautiful memorial stained glass windows, and for the exquisite collection of excellent Italian sculpture reproductions in the purest of imported Carrara white marble. Over fifty million pounds of reinforced steel and concrete were used for the structure, which is built in terraces resting on foundations deeply laid in the bedrock of the hills. The inner walls and crypts are separated from the outer walls by a space of eighteen inches to insure freedom from earthquake damage and to prevent moisture absorption. The floors are very thick, the roofs very light, and coupled with monolithic con-

struction throughout there is provided here a building secure against time. The successive terraces are featured by branching corridors, each of which is named in alphabetical order after a flower — Azalea, Begonia, Carnation, Coleus, Daffodil, Dahlia, and Daisy. In each corridor are rows of crypts containing the caskets, or niches containing the urns with ashes of cremation. These crypts or niches are either single or enclosed in family sections. Names of notable millionaire families, of once famous actors or actresses, and of many otherwise important in their day, appear here. Beautiful pictorial windows greet one at every turn: the "Truth" window, the "Annunciation" window, the "Tennyson" window, and there is to be preserved at Forest Lawn a replica of that immortal masterpiece of Leonardo da Vinci, "The Last Supper." There is in addition a special section of the building reserved for the Masonic Order and a section for little children. The latter section, named Babyland, is shaped like a mother's heart, and is embellished by beautiful childhood statuary and beloved poems for children from Eugene Field and other authors. Sanctuaries or private chapels represent such themes as The Beatitudes, Psalms, Faith, Devotion, Love, Hope, Promise, Rest, Life, Peace, and Light. Each is presided over by an Angel figure sculptured in snow white marble representing the theme, and each one has an open marble memorial Bible bearing a text significant of the Sanctuary in which it is placed. Throughout the building are beautiful replicas of Italian sculpture from many masters: "Moses", Michelangelo; "Mother Love", Fanfani; "Merope—the Lost Pleiad", Rogers (American); "Sleepytime", Romanelli; "Three Singing Babies", Andreini; "Hebe Serving the Gods", Canova; "First Impressions", Miniati; "Gloria", Gazzeri; "Joan of Arc", Piazza, and many others. On the highest grounds in Forest Lawn stands the eighty-seven foot "Tower of Legends," a building mainly utilitarian in character, as it contains the one hundred and sixty-five thousand gallon water tank

for the irrigation of the park. The architecture has a theme of Norse mythology, but is probably more truly American than any other art at Forest Lawn. At night the building is always illuminated by lateral flood lights which make the structure a landmark for many miles. The Easter sunrise services are held in this part of the park. The only other building is The Wee Kirk o' the Heather, a replica of the old Annie Laurie Church of Glencairn, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, and memorial of that famous Scottish family. The memorial windows here are most noticeable, containing in stained glass the story of Annie Laurie's courtship with William Douglas. Along one side are banks of fern and flowers and singing birds. There is a private chapel for mourners here and a room for the temporary accommodation of caskets. At the rear of the Church is a memorial room containing interesting relics from the Dumfriesshire home of Annie Laurie. Among other tributes portrayed in this room is a letter of appreciation from Sir Harry Lauder, who visited Forest Lawn in 1929. Like The Little Church of the Flowers, The Wee Kirk o' the Heather is non-sectarian, and is reserved for funerals, christenings, and weddings. Here also is the miniature Christus Garden with the remarkable life-size statue of The Christ by the Danish sculptor, Thorvaldsen.

Such is a glimpse of Forest Lawn—though a very inadequate one. To understand fully and to appreciate, the individual must visit it and study it. There remains, however, one last interpretation. Provision for the inevitable day when one must die is looked upon here in a new light. People are encouraged to buy space in Forest Lawn before need and to look upon this as a sane, thoughtful, and wise act of life. Plots, crypts, and urns can be purchased on terms over a price range from approximately one hundred dollars to fifty thousand dollars. There is provided out of the invested income a Perpetual Care Fund which assures permanent protection and care through the agency of the authorities.

REPORT OF THE FIRST LIBRARY CONFERENCE IN THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

MRS. I. K. MORRISON

A conference on library service for the Province of Alberta was held for the first time on December 9th and 10th, at the University of Alberta. There were delegates from twenty-two libraries—city libraries, small town libraries, University and Extension libraries, Agricultural college and Normal school libraries, etc., and seventeen delegates, non-librarians, from other organizations.

Mr. D. E. Cameron, University librarian, presided at all the meetings of the conference, and showed by his able handling of the business, and his readiness and preparedness for all questions, how near to his heart was the purpose for which this conference was held, namely, the formation of a Provincial Library Association. In Mr. Cameron's words, he wanted "a home for the spirit of library service."

While this was the main theme of most of the discussions, other most interesting phases of library work were introduced, school libraries and the small town library receiving considerable attention. Mr. McNally said that the school libraries are falling into disrepute through lack of proper professional oversight, in the purchase, care and use of the books. A solution of this difficulty was offered by Mr. Calhoun, Calgary librarian, who outlined the procedure followed in Calgary for the past ten years. The library board there has relieved the school board of all responsibility in the matter, and each year has sent out, in the autumn, to the schools near enough the City Library for the children to use its books, boxes of books averaging a volume a child. In the spring they recall these libraries, repair and discard and replace as necessary and have them ready to be sent out again in the fall. It was suggested that this same scheme might be adopted in the rural schools, with various centres caring for their libraries. These schools, however,

were not actually part of the suggested plan of library service, though Mr. McNally thought they might be brought into the general scheme of provincial libraries.

The present libraries act makes no provision for city libraries making contracts with outside points. Mr. Hill, Edmonton librarian, told of how many requests for help came to him from rural communities. He gives this help, but this service really requires a change in the act.

A provincial library association, to be called the Alberta Library Association, was formed, having as its aims: the improvement of library standards, the promotion of province-wide library service and the encouragement of co-operative effort of all library agencies towards these ends. The membership in the association is to be both individual and institutional. It was felt that with this co-operation and with lower postal rates on books, which the association is hoping for, that books may be brought within reach of every one in the province.

In the addresses of welcome, Hon. Perren Baker and the Hon. George Hoadley, both said they gave this movement their heartiest support, provided it cost the government nothing. Strange as it may seem, that is actually the plan, to have it cost nothing, but to use existing library facilities and voluntary help. Members might help by receiving travelling libraries and circulating them, and members might receive help by getting suggestions for their reading from the association.

Dr. Wallace stressed the importance of adult education, being, in his mind, more important than child education, and he felt that reading was *the* way, but directed, thoughtful reading, not a dip here and there into everything.

OUR EGG-THROWING "LOYALISTS"

(Following the smashing of all remaining windows in the hall, hundreds of eggs were hurled at speakers and audience alike . . . —Edmonton Journal, February 26. Report of a Communist meeting at Vegreville.)

If your neighbor has an argument to make

That you dislike or do not understand,
Make up your mind at once that he's a
fake,

And for the greater glory of the land
Fling an egg.

Don't try to show his arguments unsound

(Are you afraid he'll really prove them
right?)

Don't use your head—an egg, it will be
found,

Has more inside it; so with all your
might

Fling an egg.

Let no one hold unorthodox opinions,
But shout them down and sing "God
Save the King"—

God and King must blush, but this
dominion's

Saved from too much freedom!

So let's sing

And fling an egg.

Yes, fling your eggs, but do not let
your hands

Pollute the flag. Have you not learned
in school

That brave men won the rights for
which it stands?

Don't think that you are brave; for
any fool

Can fling an egg.

—J. T. JONES.

VIRTUOUSLY IDLE

H. D. S.

The primary purpose of education, as we have been told many times, is to fit young men and women for a place in life. That, I think, is a very beautiful thought. Undoubtedly the doctor, the lawyer, and the merchant chief, as represented by the faculties of medicine, law and commerce, and one might say of engineering, do assist the student in preparing for the painful business of making a living. The household economics student, also, with her knowledge of the seven different ways of boiling an egg and the theory of roughage down to a fine point, has some claim to business distinction. But the Arts graduate—that's a horse in a different corridor.

Theoretically, of course, he has a broad general knowledge which will fit him for anything from a commissioner in the Albanian police to raising canaries for pleasure and profit. Men with a B.A. degree have actually done both. But then few of us want to live in Albania, and I, for one, dislike canaries. They're too cheerful.

Most of us adopt the easier course of falling into the first job that comes along. Once there we abandon the struggle and take up contract bridge and even read Tarkington at times, though furtively. The love of learning, if ever it did find strange quarters in our bosom, expires. We are just like the non-university men around us, with the exception that we are possibly four years farther away from that raise in pay.

A dark picture truly. Yet it has its bright spots. There remain the bad habits we acquired in undergraduate days. They, if anything, are our salvation. There is

this matter of dramatics for one.

If there is any one way to let business go to the devil more quickly or more cheerfully than by engaging constantly in amateur dramatics, I would like to see it. First it's a few hours in the evening. Then it's half an hour off the afternoon business session. And finally it's a matter of going to business when there's nothing better to do. Some firms specifically forbid their staffs to engage in such activities. A half-baked Thespian is no good to God or man, say the captains of industry. Let's have more amateur dramatics by all means!

There are so many other ways of killing business and hence slaying ennui. The half hour with Mencken, the attempts at writing sonnets on office stationery, the cheerful chats with other idlers who drop in to ask advice and wind up in a heated discussion over Rabelais. And you know what that leads to!

So there's hope for us after all. If we haven't acquired a love of industry and the technical knowledge requisite to it, at least we have the ability to disregard it grandly. One graduate of recent years boasts that his sole accomplishment as a result of four years of university life is the mixing of a cocktail. You take two parts of vermouth, one and a half of gin—well, maybe you have the idea.

Just what we'll be in the distant future I don't know. And, if it must be confessed, I don't care. I know we won't be stodgy and we won't be too insufferably dull. Not if we have really given thought to our extra-mural studies. And there's just the possibility they might need a police commissioner in Hawaii.

THE MONOCLE

By "I"

The March issue of the "Canadian Forum" records the death of Richard de Brisay. The late Mr. de Brisay for a short time edited that sturdily independent and enlightened journal, and for the last few years contributed its leading article month by month. His editorial work was done with a courage and fortitude which remind one of Stevenson; for Richard de Brisay had been an invalid since the war, and prepared his articles under circumstances which would have conquered any but the bravest of spirits. To all who knew his work (and I shall forever regret that I knew him only by his work) his passing will be the occasion for profound sorrow. There is no one among contemporary Canadian editorial writers who can rival the easy lucid prose, the delightful tricks of irony and the impetuous scorn for all kinds of weakness and pettiness which have distinguished his commentaries upon Canadian public affairs for the last five years.

He was a critical student of public men and their policies; fortunately the nature of the magazine to which he contributed made it possible for him to write exactly what he felt. Incidentally, he championed the interests of western Canada more consistently and effectively than any of our own editors. And I daresay not a thousand people west of Winnipeg knew his name.

The late Mr. de Brisay had the old conception of the editorial writer's place and privilege. He understood his position to be that of a critic who can regard the enacting of the play of public life from a very superior point of vantage. This attitude once was the attitude of all the great English political leader-writers, but J. L. Garvin, since the retirement of J. A. Spender, is almost the only survivor among the old aristocrats.

Democracy has dealt viciously with the newspaper and with the editorial in particular. It is no longer the ambition of

newspaper proprietors to find men with the training and insight necessary to judge and elucidate public policy on its intrinsic merit as policy. The function of the leader-writer has become greatly involved with the rise of the popular press. Now he must have wits sufficiently keen to discover what his readers want to be told and a professional conscience sufficiently tractable to permit him to feed back to his readers what he knows they want to be told and solemnly to label such a mess of prejudice and illogicality as sound and considered policy.

Canada once had a group of stout-hearted editors who did their own thinking and published their honest convictions. They were constantly at one another's throats, at least half of them were usually wrong in their convictions, their language was consistently unbeautiful and their manners were sometimes scandalous. But they made an honest effort to give the leadership a newspaper ought to give.

Today if the people show a faint trace of resentment towards the success of Russian communism, the newspapers recognize the signal for a united campaign against Communism; if the people begin to murmur for a policy however absurd in the dispassionate light of economics, the newspapers make it theirs. Whatever the majority of the people are thought to want for the moment is proclaimed by the press as what the nation's policy should be, as a wise and just measure in the interest of the public weal. Arguments are invented to back it up, but the arguments don't matter; the reader finds the conclusion which confirms with full editorial ceremonial his own superficial, ill-considered and unreliable judgment, and is satisfied, while the editor acquires a reputation for sanity and leadership.

Such is the condition of most of our modern journalism—a loud-mouthed ac-

quiescence on the part of professional yes-men, a truck-gardening, catering and peddling of second-rate ideas; all committed in the name of a singularly bloodless phenomenon known as Circulation.

To this modern idea the late Richard de Brisay never subscribed, and in his brilliant uncompromising exposition of the methods of the older school, he stood almost alone.

FRITILLARY

Ideas are butterflies that lightly go
About my head and flutter to and fro,
Hover, approach, recede and come again,
As light as thistledown, as bright as pain.

A connoisseur of words I lately met,
Taught me to catch them in a wordy net,
Stab with a pen-point, range them in a
row,
And in a poem put them out on show.

Here is a specimen but lately caught,
A most illusive butterfly of thought;
I tripped while chasing it a dozen times,
On jagged meters and obtrusive rhymes.

But now I have it safely on my pen,
Its wings have lost the bloom I fancied
when
It fluttered first before my mental eye—
It hardly seems the same brave butterfly.

There, it is mounted. How to find its
name,
Something that means a disembodied
flame—
What? Ask the connoisseur? No, never
mind,
You see, it's just the common cabbage
kind!

—R. V. C.

EDITORIAL

"BETWEEN OURSELVES"

When our president, Dr. Wallace, addressed the Edmonton branch of the University Alumni Association a short time ago he indicated the intimate nature of his subject by using the title "Between Ourselves."

The question concerning which he took us into his confidence was that of Education and was dealt with from the point of view of the High School and ourselves. Dr. Wallace expressed the opinion that our present High School course failed to meet modern requirements in that it was still rigidly academic and designedly "pre-university" in its curriculum.

The folly of this, of course, has been recognized for some time, it being well known that only a small percentage of the High School population enters the University.

On the other hand, divided courses, vocational, commercial, technical, and academic, have proved themselves unsatisfactory chiefly because nine out of ten students do not know what they want to do even when they enter University.

The solution for the difficulty, Dr. Wallace suggested (and here he felt was the step for which the general public was not yet prepared), was the introduction of craftsmanship into the High School curriculum with provision for a more specialized academic training leading to the University for such students as possessed the necessary mental attitude.

The justification of this lies in the fact that at present the University entrance standard is too low. Statistics show that those students who enter University without any "conditions", but with an average for their matriculation subjects of from 50-59%, that of these 69% fail in their first year. The result has been that far too much time has been spent in the past helping the lame-ducks along, time which would have more profitably been devoted to the upper ten per cent. of successful students from whom valuable and original contributions may some day reasonably be expected. Dr. Wallace foresees the time when the pass mark for University entrance will be raised. It is recognized that such a move would meet with the opposition of those who look upon a University education as the *sine qua non* of success in after life, and demand it for their children as a democratic right entirely unconditioned by the child's mental capacities, of which, of course, parents are notoriously poor judges.

* * * * *

Another matter with which Dr. Wallace dealt that evening was adult education with special reference to the University graduate.

It is of interest to note in this connection the article in this issue entitled "Virtuously Idle." H.D.S. paints a rather dismal picture of the modern Arts graduate, but one that is probably only too true. Allowance must be made, of course, for the graduate whose interest in contract bridge and (surreptitiously) Booth Tarkington constituted his main interest even before he graduated, but there is still hope for the one whose post-graduate interests include dramatics, Mencken and Rabelais.

It is because this state of affairs is all too apparent that Dr. Wallace confided to us his hope that something may yet be done by the University to help the graduate to continue his education in after life, and as a beginning he has arranged for the publication of the book-list which accompanies this issue.

To the gentleman mentioned by H.D.S., whose sole debt of gratitude to his Alma Mater seems to lie in the fact that she taught him how to mix a cocktail, the opportunity is once more open to accept or reject her more worthy gifts of the spirit.

RESEARCH NOTES

Forest Protection.—L. H. Nichols. Disastrous and extensive fires in 1923 led the Association of Forest Industries of Quebec to organize for forest protection. A large corps of rangers is employed during the hazardous months of the year. The condition of "fire hazard" is defined as "any condition of the forest floor which will allow a fire to be started when a match is applied." This hinges largely on the moisture content, which is dependent on recent rain, the relative humidity of the air, and the radiation from the ground for an average location. Methods of estimating the moisture content of the "duff" or humus layers, were outlined. This information serves as a guide in warning the rangers when fires are most likely. At the end Mr. Nichols showed a film illustrating problems and scenery encountered during a summer's work.

Broadcasting Station Problems.—H. J. MacLeod. Many difficulties in connection with radio originate in the fact that speech and music are complicated waves including frequencies of 100 to 6,000, and 100 to 10,000 cycles per second, respectively. These waves have been to be tremendously amplified between microphone and antenna, one hundred million times being about the minimum necessary. The signals are then caught in the receiving antenna after having travelled some distance, and to be brought to loud speaker strength must be amplified again ten or one hundred million times. For good reproduction it is essential that in both instances the amplification should be distortionless. Stray noises, natural and artificial, produce what we call static or interference. Sparking motors, faulty transformers, and the three wire automatic telephone vie with thunderstorms in producing ether disturbances.

Curves showing some of the details of the work done in regulating CKUA during the summer of 1930 by Dr. MacLeod and Mr. Cornish, were thrown on the screen, and some demonstrations of the effects on a small scale were given.

The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes.—J. W. Shipley. A great volcanic eruption in Alaska in 1912 produced devastation for miles around through the quantities of ash deposited. Some years later a party was sent out to locate the crater and study the general conditions in the neighborhood. The valley of 10,000 smokes is a few miles away from the crater, and has literally that number of small fumaroles with steam escaping from them. The details of how these were used for cookstove and furnace, while an adjacent glacier served as refrigerator, were admirably illustrated by a number of slides showing the party's work and experiences.

Undeveloped Soil Resources of Alberta.—F. A. Wyatt. Three-quarters of our northern land is undeveloped. This is chiefly of marginal soil, but has local areas of choice soil. The aims of the soil survey are to find the land most suitable for agricultural development and to investigate the best methods of handling it. Fertilisers produce large increases in yield, but the problem of nitrogen and phosphorous deficiency in the marginal soils is serious. Control of the areas for settlement was strongly urged.

Physiologic Specialization.—W. C. Broadfoot. Entities within a morphologic species which differ from each other primarily and consistently physiologically should be considered as physiologic forms, whether the differences are in pathogenicity or other physiologic attributes. These forms can often be recognized by their pathogenicity on certain selected host plants. Information regarding physiologic specialization is important in establishing quarantine regulations, in recognizing certain varieties of crop plants, and particularly in the development of diseases resistant varieties of crop plants.

The All or None Law of Muscular Contraction.—S. Gelfan. It has for some time been believed that when a muscle fibre contracts it does so to its full extent or not at all. The strength of a muscular contraction depends, then, on the number of fibres concerned, not on

the contraction of the individuals. The speaker outlined his own and other work showing that sub-maximal responses are obtainable with graded stimuli provided the stimulus is confined to a small enough area. It is still possible, however, that the all or none law holds for the nerve fibres.

Rabbit and Other Cycles.—W. Rowan. This was a discussion meeting opened by Dr. Rowan with an account of observed cycles in the relative numbers of rabbits and mice to be found in the country. The rabbits increase gradually over a number of years, having large litters three or four times a year while their numbers are few, and finally having smaller litters only once a year when their numbers are large. Then suddenly, usually in one or two years, their numbers are enormously reduced by disease, the reason or reasons being at present unknown. The question of correlating these animal cycles with sunspot and climatic cycles was discussed, and various interesting possibilities were suggested by the principal speaker and others who took part.

Problems of Industrial Consolidation.—H. W. Hewetson. An outline was given of how various arrangements in the adjustment of the final capitalisation could react more or less favorably on the consolidating corporations, and the old truth (may I say the sad old truth?) that each tries for its own greatest benefit was stressed.

Problem Solving in Arithmetic.—M. E. Lazerte. This was a continuation of the subject the speaker had been working on since his last address to the Association. He described the reactions of children of various ages and grades in the public schools, and showed how the various stages in the development of problem solving ability were being correlated with age rather than with school grade. At the end of the paper he demonstrated a "Psychological machine" of his own design to test the child's ability to think through a problem. This device can be adapted to almost any investigation where ordered thinking is to be tested.

CAMPUS CHATTER

Major events since last issue include the Spring play, the elections, the approach of exams, and the advent of the Yo-Yo top. Each of these deserve separate treatment.

First, then, the Spring play, "Outward Bound," by Sutton Vane. As usual with Spring plays, many of the audience went away mystified, as usual with Spring plays, verdicts range from best to worse, as usual with Spring plays, it was frightfully modern and preachy and all that. There is very little profanity, however, although the idea of an Anglican clergyman holding the entrance exam. for Heaven might seem a little profane to some. On the whole, the play was well done, and amused even when it failed to do anything else. There were several spots of excellent work. The last scene, like the last one in "The Adding Machine," let down the effect a little, and gave too much impression perhaps, of Mr. Vane telling us about life. I could say a lot more, but I hate arguments.

And so on to the elections. You can see the results in The Gateway. I'll not bore you with that. I suppose to the average graduate, at least of some years' standing, the bare recital of names of officers must be a numbing and not very informative process. There are several things about this election which might interest grads, however. In the first place, advertising is apparently on the increase. This year saw flawboyant banners recommending men for offices, gaudy posters making flimsy, ambiguous, impossible election pledges, even, God save us, pictures of candidates leered at us from little printed dodgers and notices. I blush to think of what we are coming to. Bright colours assailed us from every side—cheese cloth banners bellowed the names of rival candidates to us—one optimistic advertisement assured us that a vote for So-and-So meant a vote for student government (as if any man or set of men could even change the Things that Are, or introduce a Utopian democracy within

these walls! Presidents of the Union come and go, Councils come and go, students come and go, but the Powers go on for ever, and all efforts to gain more strength than they wish to give us are but wrestlings with the wind). It was lamentably like a real election. Heaven preserve us from the obvious trend! I trust I shall never live to see the day when all candidates turn out flaunting banners, when electioneering heralding makes the halls more hideous than usual, when the pictures, the grim, wistful, pensive, audacious, fleeing, boyish, or sinister visages of candidates mop and mow at us from every angle like a Chamber of Horrors. May I *not* be here to see.

Another angle is the possible influence of fraternities. This is the first election in which fraternities have taken part as bodies. I haven't checked over the list of candidates successful or unsuccessful, but it seems to me that I have noticed signs of a plumping of a vote against an avowed frat. man. Certainly, if frats. ever organize much in an election, it will mean the death of all frat. candidates thenceforth.

The approach of exams. is nothing new. Here it is again with its perennial freshness. No matter how often we see exams approaching, we never get completely callous, we never watch their approach with perfect calmness, we always get that

dry mouth, that glazed eye, that hot breath, and go away secretly to mourn our sins of omission. "How long, O Lord, how long?" we cry, before we see a year in which we are so well up in our work, so letter-perfect in every course, so primed for the combat, that we can look at the draft with a clear eye, with an anticipatory quickening of the pulse, with a heart keen for victory? The cry of the ages.

Well, we've worked ourselves into a fit of the horrors, talking of such funeral affairs.

Now for the Yo-Yo. Even "Scoop" has one, and practises between classes. All his philosophy and his Rhodesian scholarship avail him nought. He gazes with mute envy on the infant who demonstrates figure eights, circles and what-nots down town. Surely the gap between mere cleverness and genius is large!

—F.E.L.P.

Miss Jean Bulyea, B.Sc. (H.Ec.), '30

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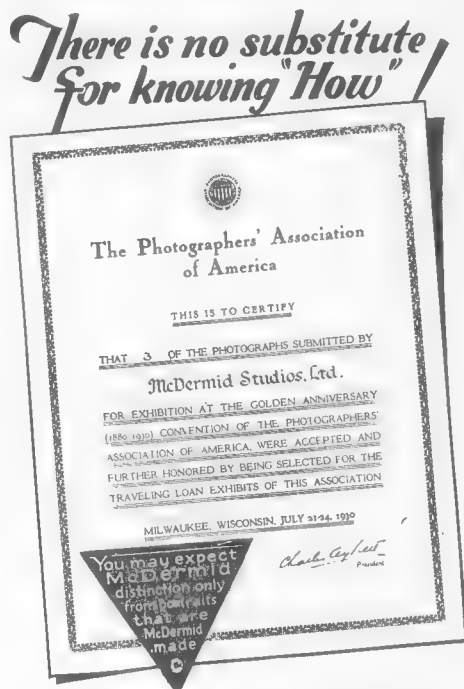
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BOOK REVIEWS

(FROM T. NELSON & SONS)

RED BREAD

BY MAURICE HINDUS

Author of "Humanity Uprooted"

Two months ago Maurice Hindus returned to America from Russia to find that he had become famous. His book, "Humanity Uprooted," had been accepted as an authoritative and valuable analysis of Bolshevism. It was (and still is) selling at the rate of a thousand copies a week.

When Hindus returned from Russia he brought with him the manuscript of another book, and before he began his American lecture tour he placed it with his publisher. It is to be issued within the next few weeks under the title of "Red Bread." In it Hindus tells of how the Revolution is affecting the Russian village and the Russian peasantry.

No modern writer is better able for this task than Maurice Hindus, for he was born in a Russian village, and in his frequent visits to Russia since the Revolution he has spent most of his time in villages. Some of the men and women who appear in the pages of "Red Bread" were at one time his playmates and still are his close friends.

HENRY VIII

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

This is the book about which Hamilton Fyfe wrote in *The Spectator*:

"Mr. Hackett has made a mighty fine job of Henry and his wives. Every page of this book glitters and glows with colour—the moral and mental as well as the material colour of their age. It is not fine writing that seems to imply effort, it is the writing of a man who loves words for their own sake, who enjoys a

vigorous or witty phrase as one who might savour a mellow wine or a fragrant cigar. . . . Not once does the narrative flag on the grip or the reader's attention relax."

This republication of Henry VIII is especially important. The book in itself is a literary achievement, and this re-issue is a publishing attainment of remarkable significance, for now the book is to sell at \$1.00. Surely this defies all the assertions that books are beyond the average purse, for here we have a book, a popular book, of five hundred pages, twelve colotype illustrations, and good cloth board binding.

THE UKRAINIAN CANADIANS

BY CHARLES YOUNG, M.A.

Edited by Helen R. Y. Reid, B.A., LL.D.

This book is being published under the auspices of the Mental Hygiene Commission, and is the result of intimate, first-hand contacts with hundreds of Ukrainians and others having to do with them. During eighteen months the author of this book was in the west visiting and talking to Ukrainian Canadians. Besides this he spent from six weeks to three months among Ukrainians in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg.

Mr. Young was, therefore, well equipped to write a correct and authoritative study of these "new" Canadians. He draws attention to those characteristics which are valuable to Canadian nation-building. He points out wherein they require consideration and training. Truly the book is a valuable handbook to all those who would know something about Canadian growth and advancement. It is illustrated by photographs and has maps showing settlements.

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ALUMNI NOTES

1919—1923

Amongst some of us who are interested in the production of this magazine there has been a great deal of discussion lately. Such questions as these have been bandied back and forth: How many *Trails* go into the wastepaper basket wholly or partially unread? Is an alumni magazine, which a few people labor mightily to produce, regarded as an unnecessary nuisance? Would the graduates rally round the University in a crisis? To the last query a rather pertinent rejoinder was to ask how they were going to know that a crisis existed unless they kept in touch somehow? It is not easy to see the right way out of the puzzle, and I feel that you alumni ought to know of the feeling of discouragement often prevalent amongst the editorial group. If a few hundred of you would undertake to answer the first two questions above there would be something to go on. How about a "Revival of Letters."

Having got that outburst "off my chest," I must not delay further the real business of this column, namely, to write notes about alumni. What's in the letter-bag?

1912—1918

There again appears to be a dearth of material regarding the old timers. I can give a few new addresses, however. *Walter Draper*, '13, 327a Rushton Road, Toronto 10; *Howard E. Forster*, '15, 333 Roosevelt Bldg., Los Angeles, California; *Mrs. H. Fribance* (nee *Edna Carmichael*), '16, 1206 Boulevard N.W., Calgary. From 20 Spottiswode Road, Edinburgh, comes this word of *Klyne E. Beamish* (nee *Moraw*), '18: "We have been in Scotland since August and do not intend to return to Canada until after Easter. Doctor Beamish is taking some P.G. study at the University here. This is our first experience of a green Christmas, and we can hardly be blamed for feeling a preference for more wintry weather. Every good wish to the Association for 1931."

Doug. Simpkin, '22, writes from Casilla 15, Tocopilla, Chile, to say: "At present I am working here as construction foreman on steel erection. We are putting up a pretty big plant for the Santaro Nitrate Corporation, and when it is finished may go on to another one. All the old-fashioned plants are closing down and being replaced by large ones using modern methods adopted by the Anglo-Chilean Nitrate. It is all to be controlled by one large holding corporation eventually." I may be slightly late in announcing that *Wilda Blow*, '21, is studying music in Italy. Members of class '22 will be sorry to hear that *Frank Cousins* died at Prince Albert nearly four years ago. The report has only just been confirmed.

Dr. Alexander is a member of the faculty who is good enough to pass on to me information about alumni. *Gwen Mullet*, '30, writes to him, in part, from 4410 View St., Oakland, California, as follows: "My tutorial class for Caesar is going to be larger than my syntax class last term. It's just as well, or I'd be out in Oakland's bread line!" *Dr. Alex.* also reports that *Arthur Donaldson*, '22, is to be found at 1009 N. Monterey St., Alhambra, Calif., and *Lillian Cobb*, '18, '22, at 322 Augusta Ave., De Kalb, Illinois. He brought in a clipping which showed that *Mary Ross*, '30, has left with an archaeological party, headed by Prof. Robinson of Johns Hopkins, for Olynthus, Greece. Another letter from which he allows me to quote comes from *Daphne Koenig*, '22, 173 West Central Ave., Bergenfield, N.J.: "Keeping track of me is worse than that of the proverbial needle. At present I am in the senior high school of Trenton, N.J. I really think the combination of a most ultra-modern building and superintendent, easy commuting distance from New York and home, and finally a most excellent salary schedule, will really keep me in Trenton for a few years if they

continue to like my work. . . . Of course there are snowy nights when a tramp up the Saskatchewan out the river road would be the perfect joy." I am prompted to suggest that when you write to old friends on the staff you suggest that they pass on at least your address to me.

One of my tracer cards contains a good deal of information about the *Atkinson* duo. *Nelles*, '22, is a mining engineer with the Chelan Copper Co., Lucerne, Wash., and *Grace*, '26, teaches mathematics in the Western Canada High School, Calgary, living at home (204 1st St. W.). Another card informs me that *J. S. Cross*, '23, is farming near Vermilion, Alberta.

1924—1926

I can always trust Dean Howes for some information about the Aggies. He tells me that *W. G. Malaher*, '25, is back from England and is Dean of the Residence at the Vermilion School of Agriculture; that *Paul Matson*, '24 (1008 W. 20th, Spokane, Wash.) is with the Armour Co.; that *Jack McAllister*, '24, is to be found at 4820 Victoria Ave., Montreal, and *Andy Cairns*, '23 (just back from Europe), at Suite 7 Oakland Apts., Winnipeg, Man.; that "*Rosy*" *Whitman*, '23, lives at 772 Riverview Ave., Verdun, P.Q., and that *Ted Bayfield*, '23, is at the Ohio Experimental Station, Wooster, Ohio. Quite a haul, what?

During the Christmas season I was visited by *Bill Grindley*, '24, '25, who was holidaying here. *Bill* is chief of the Agricultural Economics branch of the Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa, and had some interesting comments to make about Federal political affairs. A regular at tendent at the hockey games this winter has been "*Aubs*" *Bright*, '25, '27, who is now in the mortgage department of the National Trust Co. here. *Janet Cook*, '24, who is a high school teacher at Hanna, Alberta (Box 296), is a faithful supporter of the Association. Dr., '25, '29, and Mrs. *Raymond Rush* (nee *Frances Alexander*), '27, are, I suspect, the sole University representatives at Ganges Harbor, B.C. Post-grad. work in agriculture here is occupying the attention of *Mark Mann*,

'24, while another Ag, "*Steve*" *Ward*, '26, is with the C.M.S. Co. at Trail in connection with their fertilizer work. Speaking of Trail, I am reminded that Mrs. *Tom Mather* (nee *Dorothy Smith*), '25, was a Christmas visitor at her parents' home in Edmonton. *Elwood Butchart*, '24, '25, is with the General Motors Acceptance Corporation in Calgary; his house address is 1110 12th Ave. West.

Alice Joyce McDonald, '26, opens the ball for this class with an interesting letter from Omaruru, S.W. Africa: "My copy of *The Trail* is very much enjoyed by the Canadian colony, as we are nicknamed. Of our present five members, four are U. of A., viz., *Walter Jewitt*, '27, *Ray Woodford*, '27, *W. L. (Bill) McDonald*, '23, and ME. We have one U. of Toronto man, and try to impress on him his utter loss—but find it hard. . . . I hope to be back in Edmonton in August, 1931. Best wishes for success." *Harold M. Baker*, '26, and *Catherine Barclay*, '26, are both teaching—the former principal of Happy Valley S.D., Hythe, Alberta, and the latter in Calgary (Crescent Heights High). *Donald Thomson*, '26, is again in Ottawa for the present session of Parliament. Two other members of the same class of whom I have heard are *Francis Ferguson* (2533 Yale Ave., Seattle), with the Puget Sound Power and Light Co., and *W. G. Saunders* (5 Earl St., Toronto), who is doing P.G. work in Public Health, but "will be back in Viking in June."

1927—1928

Headed "Dept. of Anatomy, McGill University," is a note from *H. E. Rawlinson*, '27, the last sentence of which made yours truly blush all over—modesty forbids me to quote it: "Enclosing an unbroken New Year's resolution. *The Trail* is very valuable to us wanderers, for it is after one gets away from Alma Mater that a full appreciation of its value comes. The editorials have been an exceptionally bright feature to me. Might I suggest that 'Campus Chatter' be devoted to telling us something of the campus doings." These kind words are much ap-

preciated; write again, Bert! Another '27 medico, *Andy Wilson*, of Port Alberni, B.C., was a visitor to Edmonton at Christmas time. In fact most of the news of this class concerns the bone-setters and excavators. *Ken MacKenzie* tells me that his namesake, *C. H. McKenzie*, is practising his profession at Ituna, Sask., while *George Haworth* and *Ben Richardson*, '28, do the same at Viking, Alberta. *R. E. English*, '28, who has joined the staff of the Department of Extension, tells me that *Lawrence Kindt*, '27, who came back from Minnesota last year, is now with the Dominion Dept. of Economics at Ottawa. *N. D. Holubitsky*, '28, practises medicine at Radway, Alberta. That stout supporter, "*Pat*" *Bowman*, '28, writes from Empress, Alberta, where he "is established as roadmaster . . . with a nice company house to live in (if I can find someone to look after it, which is doubtful). . . I saw *Ray Klinck*, '27, today down the line at Jenner, where he is teaching. The druggist here is *Bill Stothers* (Pharm. '24). I was talking to him the other night, and who should blow in but *Gerry Bullock* (Pharm. '27), complete in derby hat, etc." It seems to me that there is somewhat of a challenge to the girls of '28 in one sentence above!

1929—1930

I can now see the bottom of the bag, but find half-a-dozen references to class '29 as follows: *Mary Lehmann*, who teaches at Pincher Creek was an Edmonton visitor during the Christmas season. Not far away, at Macleod, *J. A. McKay* is principal of the high school, and is assisted by *Betty Williams*. *Ernie Lewis* labors for the International Harvester Co. at Edmonton (making good use of his A.E. course, I presume!) In the east *Pete Kilburn* is associated with the A. E. Ames Co. at Montreal, and *H. (Curly) Ainsworth* with the C.G.E. at Peterboro. Turning to 1930 I find that *Isobel Johnstone* and *Mabel Dickson* have completed their six months course in dietetics at Stanford University Hospital. The former has gone to Long Beach and may be addressed c/o Mr. Chas. Dunn, 153 Syra-

cuse Walk; the latter is now in Spokane, c/o Miss M. Wright, Carlyle Hotel. *Stan Lynn* is putting his chemical engineering knowledge to good use in Dr. Kelso's lab. here. Miss *Patrick*, who keeps closely in touch with her girls, tells me that *Mary Bowlen* is teaching H.Ec. in the Calgary schools. The Rhodes Scholar-elect, *Ken Conibear*, paused in his goal-keeping not long ago to inform this rail-bird that *Hugh Morrison*, last year's scholar, has been playing hockey with the Oxford team on the continent.

Here are a few of the many new addresses which have come to my notice within the last few months: *Dobry*, Dr. *J. J.*, '28, Killam, Alberta; *Broadus*, *K.*, '22, '23, 395 Mt. Vernon St., Dedham, Mass.; *Ash*, *C.*, '30, 34 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ont.; *Selnes*, *W. E.*, '26, '27, and *Thomson*, *J.*, '29, Britannia Beach Townsite, B.C.; *Hartley*, Miss *E. M.*, '30, Hotel de l'Observatoire, Boulevard St. Michel, Paris; *Turner*, *W. O.*, '24, 5 Clarence Block, 112 8th Ave. W., Calgary; *Dickson*, *H. H. L.*, '27, '29, c/o Fortnightly Review, Buckingham St., The Strand, London; *Baker*, Mr. and Mrs. *R. M.*, 711½ Greenbush St., Cortland, N.Y.; *Blanchard*, Mrs. *M.* (nee *Irene Cumming*), '27, Wishart, Sask.; *McDonald*, *Jas. A.*, '24, St. Faustin, P.Q.; *Barnecut*, Mr. and Mrs. *R.*, '23, 1618 10th St. N.W., Calgary; *Thurlow*, Mrs. *H. J.* (nee *Jean McKittrick*), '25, 5 Wineva Avenue, Toronto; *Biddle*, Mrs. *G.* (nee *Ethel Steele*), '21, '27, 834 8th Ave. N.W., Calgary; *Langston*, Mrs. *Robert* (nee *Kathleen Wood*), '29, Vancouver General Hospital, Vancouver, B.C.; *Karran*, *F. R. D.*, '24, 3554 W. 37th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.; *Craig*, *Glen Horace*, '30, Strathcona Hall, Sherbrooke St., Montreal, P.Q.; *Brown*, *Ewart*, '29, (teaching at) Taber, Alberta; *Harkness*, *D. S.*, '24, Laidlaw, B.C.; *Thomson*, *S. G.*, '29, 3014 MacCallum Ave., Regina, Sask.; *Wilson*, Mrs. *O.* (nee *Jean McIntosh*), '21, Warner, Alberta; *Brunton*, Dr. *Elizabeth Caswell*, '26, c/o Molly Stark Sanitorium, Canton, Ohio; *Bocock*, *Jack*, '29, c/o Dept. of Geology, U.B.C., Vancouver, B.C.; *Gentleman*, *W.*

D., '25, St. Paul, Alberta; *Walker, L. A.*, '25, 10209 113th St., Edmonton; *Carnes*, Miss *Helen*, '28, '30, 11027 83rd Ave., Edmonton; *Pekarsky, L.*, '29, 10158 117th St., Edmonton; *Hinke*, Miss *L. M.*, '27, R.R. 2, Austin Road, New Westminster, B.C.; *Campbell, Dr. E. A.*, '26, 1998 Mathers Ave., Vancouver, B.C.; *Stevens, G. R.*, '15, Dept. of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa, Ont.; *Hope*, Miss *Jean T.*, '23, 1165 West 10th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.; *Tomlinson, H. O.*, '24, 2985 West 10th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.; *Archer*, Miss *M. M.*, '30, 60 Grosvenor St., Toronto, Ont.; *Donaldson*, Miss *M. E.*, '28 327 Huron St., Toronto; *Sproule, J. C.*, '30, 482 Brunswick St., Toronto; *Harcourt, G. A.*, '30, 375 Earle St., Kingston, Ont.; *Jones*, Miss *Lillian A.*, '30, 809 Centre St., Calgary; *Copeland, E. R. P.*, '22, Ogden, Alberta; *Drake, W. V.*, '30, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.; *Drinnan, R. G.*, '29, M.I.T., Boston, Mass.; *Grant, R. A.*, '30, Walsh, Alberta; *Hnatyshyn, A. C.*, '23, Luscar, Alberta; *Reiber, Mr.*, '27, '30, and Mrs. *H. G.* (nee *Norma Holmes*), '28, c/o Dept. of Chemistry, University of California, Berkeley, Calif.; *Kemp, M. D.*, '30, 620 12th St. S., Lethbridge; *MacLean, Dr. Hector*, '28, 346 Birks Bldg., Edmonton; *Zeavin, J. M.*, '20 c/o Dept. of Chemistry, University of Toronto, Toronto; *Zimmerman, F. H.*, '30, c/o C.M.S. Co., Trail, B.C.; *Wilson, George L.*, '23, Peace River, Alberta.

Let me remind Edmonton alumni and any others who may be in Edmonton at Convocation time of the annual dinner to class '31 on the evening of May 14th. Be there in your scores and help to welcome the new members. Reservations at any time, tickets later on, but *neither* after five o'clock the day before. Shouldn't this go down on your memo. pad?

Before closing, let me direct your attention to the correspondence which follows on the next page, and solicit "more of the same, please."

Yours,

GEOFF.

A NEW TRIUMPH OF CO-OPERATION

"Winnipeg Branches
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If you are a victim of cold terror when a black cat crosses your path, or when a white elephant is led into your drawing-room, you will be particularly interested to know that Friday, the Thirteenth of February, has been selected for an important event.

On that date the Winnipeg groups of the U. of S. and U. of A. Alumni Associations are to make joint merriment at an informal dance at the Mikado Tea Room.

If you are inclined to superstition about the date—be nonchalant. Turn your back upon groundless fears and dull worry, and come along to where the green-and-white and the green-and-gold will meet with hatchets buried. To the spritely strains of living music we will dance away the hours and get acquainted. And in-between-times we'll renew old contacts of Varsity days; and smile at fish-stories about good rugby teams that came out of Saskatoon and grin big when the Alberta people boast of the hockey troupes they sent across the prairies.

Things may be enlivened further by the introduction of a miniature inter-varsity field day. 'Tis said there will be a three-mile relay and pole-vaulting and broad-jumping and javelin throwing in a pee-wee way. An inter-varsity debate of three minutes duration, and a two-minute address by an exchange professor, are being rumored.

There will be no dull moments.

All members of the U. of A. and U. of S. Alumni groups are invited, or rather urged, to attend. This will be a big get-together with the family that used to live next-door. Dress for gentlemen will be informal. (Rabbits' feet may be carried.)"

No comment is necessary.—G.B.T.

THE TRAIL

CORRESPONDENCE

Queen Mary Apts.,
Elgin St., Ottawa,
Dec. 14, 1930.

Dear Mr. Taylor:

I suppose by the time you get this you will be reduced to the state where a cup of coffee and a detective story are your only wants. I often wonder how the University is getting on and, except only at exam time, wish I were back.

Last night we had a U. of A. reunion banquet, and I was elected to write and tell you about it. There are about 20 graduates in Ottawa. Unfortunately we couldn't get them all. *Geoff Hewelcke*, of the Conservative headquarters, was out of town over the week-end, and *Dean Boyle* couldn't come, and there were one or two others we couldn't get in time. We had dinner at "Chez Henri" in Hull and danced afterwards, but it was nearly eleven before we stopped swapping news and discussing the professors! We were lucky to be able to have *Dr. and Mrs. Tory* present, and *Dr. Tory* told us of his impressions gathered on his recent trip to England. *Shirley MacDonald* was chairman, and also made the arrangements. He even remembered to have the table decorated in green and gold. He is going to Norway in March as trade commissioner. There were *Jean and Alec Whitelaw*, *W. S. McDonald* ('17) and *Mrs. McDonald*, *C. K. Johns* and *Mrs. Johns*, *George Field* and *Mrs. Field*, *Eleanor Cautley*, *Loris Russell*, *Bill Grindley*, *Art "Nasty" Dunn*, who is with the Ottawa Civic Hospital, and myself.

We decided that we would get together every so often, and *Mrs. Tory* asked us all to her lovely house on January 24th.

Loris Russell is with the Geological Survey of Canada at the Museum, and I am in the Carnegie Library. I think that is about all the news.

With best wishes for a very bright New Year, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Helen Cautley.

Apt. 3, Roberta,
1119 E. 43 St.,
Seattle, Wash.,
1st Jan., 1931.

Dear Mr. Taylor:

As you see, I'm starting the New Year right as far as the Alumni Association is concerned.

I wonder if any alumni ever come to Seattle—perhaps there are some resident here. Certainly I've met plenty of Canadians down here, but all from Nova Scotia or Ontario. It is true that *Mollie Grant* and *Ethel Cobb* spent a few days here last summer, but no one else has arrived. In despair, I'm planning on a short visit home next summer. If you should hear of anyone planning on visiting Seattle who would care to look me up, I can always be reached at the University of Washington Library.

A few days ago I had word from *Jean Stewart*. She is still in Long Beach, Calif. (310 Magnolia), and tells me that she has been flying for two years, and holds a pilot's licence.

In spite of my resolution last year not to study any more, I found myself unable to resist. An opportunity arose to take private lessons in Russian, so, in company with four other librarians, I'm engaged once a week in making weird hieroglyphics and even weirder sounds. It is not merely a whim—you see, I'm in charge of the acquiring, checking and filing of periodicals at the library, and we get over 5,000 titles. You can imagine how many thousands of individual issues that means. The number of Russian publications that we get is increasing rapidly, and someone has to find out enough about them to know what to do with them. The language is not easy, but for that reason it's all the more interesting. As you may know, there is quite a Russian colony in Seattle, mostly white Russians, I believe,

(Signed) _____

THE TRAIL

MARRIAGES

DOUGHTY—DEMEK—At Alameda, Calif., on Oct. 30, 1930, Thelma, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Demek, of Alameda, to Lowell ('21), son of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Doughty, of Delburne, Alta.

GOOD—COLVILLE—At Winnipeg, on Sat., Aug. 2nd, 1930, Margaret Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Colville, of Calgary, to Lorne ('22), son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Good, of Didsbury. Mr. and Mrs. Good have made their home in Wainwright.

KIBBLEWHITE—BELL—At Edmonton, on Jan. 1, 1931, Frances Isobel ('27), daughter of Mr. Thomas Bell, of Edmonton, to William Andrew Kibblewhite. Mr. and Mrs. Kibblewhite have made their home in Vermilion.

PARLBY—BUCKLEY—At Gleichen, Alberta, Jan. 14, 1931, Beatrice Georgina ('25), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Buckley, of Gleichen, to Humphrey Marryat, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. M. Parlby, of Alix. Mr. and Mrs. Parlby have made their home in Alix.

DREW—WATSON—At Chicago, Ill., on Thursday, Jan. 29, 1931, Margaret (Peggy) Noble, younger daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Watson, of Edmonton, to Alfred William ('27), youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Drew, of Edmonton.

DEATH

OLEKSZY—At Wetaskiwin, Tuesday, March 10, 1931, Michael Dmytro Olekszy ('30).

BIRTHS

HANSEN—At Calgary, Alta., Feb. 3, 1931, to Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Hansen (née Wilma Swinnarton) ('28), a daughter, Margaret Anne.

BUCHANAN—To Mr. ('21) and Mrs. N. V. Buchanan (née Helen De Silva) ('29), on Wednesday, Jan. 21, 1931, a daughter, Kathryn Ann.

RUSH—At Salt Spring Island, B.C., to Dr. ('29) and Mrs. (B.Sc. '27) Raymond Rush, in September, 1930, a son.

DAVIES—At Edmonton, to Mr. (B.A. '25, LL.B. '27) and Mrs. Percy Davies (née Lilian Myler), on March 27th, a daughter.